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PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE

CHAPEL OF THE ASYLUM.

K Hymnals
Lit. - England, Church of -
London. - Asylum for
Female Orphans. - Psalms
and Hymns

PSALMS

AND

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

CHAPEL OF THE ASYLUM

FOR

FEMALE ORPHANS.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

The Lord shall comfort Zion; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

ISAIAH li. 3.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.

———THEIR GOLDEN HARPS THEY TOOK,
(HARPS EVER TUN'D) AND WITH PREAMBLE SWEET
OF CHARMING SYMPHONY, THEY INTRODUCE
THEIR SACRED SONG.———
———NO VOICE, BUT WELL COULD JOIN
MELODIOUS PART: SUCH CONCORD IS IN HEAVEN.
THEE, FATHER, FIRST THEY SUNG OMNIPOTENT,
IMMUTABLE, IMMORTAL, INFINITE,
ETERNAL KING: THE AUTHOR OF ALL BEING:
FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT, THYSELF INVISIBLE!
———THEE NEXT THEY SANG *** BEGOTTEN SON!
HAIL, SON OF GOD! SAVIOUR OF MEN! THY NAME
SHALL BE THE COPIOUS MATTER OF MY SONG
HENCEFORTH: AND NEVER SHALL MY HARP THY
PRAISE
FORGET; NOR FROM THE FATHER'S PRAISE DIS-
JOIN!

Paradise Loſt, Book III.

FROM

BISHOP ATTERBURY's DISCOURSE

ON

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE availableneſs of harmony to promote a pious diſpoſition of mind, will appear, from the great influence it naturally has on the *paſſions:* which are of particular uſe in the offices of DEVOTION. But it's power is chiefly ſeen in advancing that moſt heavenly paſſion of LOVE; which reigns always in pious breaſts, and is the ſureſt mark of true devotion. At *this* our religion begins, and at this it ends. It is the ſweeteſt companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earneſt and foretaſte of HEAVEN—of the pleaſures of which, nothing is more clearly revealed to us, than that they conſiſt in the practice of HOLY MUSICK and HOLY LOVE; the joint enjoyment of which (we are told) is to be the happy lot of all *pious ſouls*, to endleſs ages. And therefore it is obſervable, that *that* apoſtle, in whoſe breaſt this divine quality ſeems moſt to have abounded, has alſo ſpoken moſt of the HARMONY OF HEAVEN. For ſuch I account the deſcriptions he has given us of the *devotions* of ANGELS and BLESSED SPIRITS, performed by HARPS and HYMNS, in ſeveral parts of the Revelations.

Would we then have love at theſe aſſemblies? would we have our ſpirits ſoftened and enlarged, and made fit for the reception of the divine ſpirit? Let us call in to our aid the aſſiſtance of DIVINE HARMONY, to work us up to this heavenly temper. All ſelfiſhneſs and narrowneſs of mind, all rancour and peeviſhneſs, vaniſh from the heart, where the love of *divine harmony* dwells; as the evil ſpirit of Saul retired before the *harp of David.*

A SENTENCE

Sung by the ORPHANS, when the Miniſter enters the Chapel.

Ariſe, O Lord, into thy reſting place; thou and the ark of thy ſtrength.

Let thy prieſts be clothed with righteouſneſs; and let thy ſaints ſing with joyfulneſs. Amen.

Pſalm cxxxii. 8, 9.

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE,

To be Sung by the ORPHANS, before the firſt Leſſon Morning and Evening.

SENTENCE I.

The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep ſilence before him.

Habbakuk ii. 20.

SENTENCE II.

Give ear, O my people, to my law: incline your ears to the words of my mouth. Amen.

Pſalm lxxviii. 1.

SENTENCE III.

Be ſtill, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. Amen.

Pſalm xlvi. 10.

SENTENCE IV.

For the Morning.

My voice ſhall thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

Pſalm v. 3.

SENTENCE V.

For the Evening.

Let my prayer be ſet forth before thee as incenſe; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening ſacrifice.

Pſalm cxli. 2.

SENTENCE VI.

For Chriſtmas Day.

Behold a virgin ſhall conceive, and bear a ſon, and ſhall call his name IMMANUEL.

Iſaiah vii. 14.

Unto us a child is born; unto us a ſon is given: and the government ſhall be upon his ſhoulder: and his name ſhall be called WONDERFUL—COUNSELLOR—THE MIGHTY GOD—THE EVERLASTING FATHER—THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Iſaiah ix. 6.

SENTENCE VII.

For Good Friday.

Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the glory of thy name: O deliver us, and be merciful unto our ſins, for thy name's ſake. Amen.

Pſalm lxxix. 9.

SENTENCE VIII.

For Eaſter Day.

The Lord is great in Sion; and high above all people.

They ſhall give thanks unto thy name; which is great, wonderful, and holy. Amen.

Pſalm xcix. 2, 3.

SENTENCE IX.

For Whitſunday.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praiſed in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holineſs.—Amen.

Pſalm xlviii. 1.

SENTENCE X.

For the Anniverſary.

Bleſſed is he that conſidereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preſerve him, and keep him alive; and he ſhall be bleſſed upon the earth.

Pſalm xli. 1, 2.

The above Sentences were all ſet to muſic by Mr. BARTHELEMON.

PSALMS

AND

HYMNS, &c.

PSALM I. v. 1, 2, 3, 6.

HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners ways, nor ſits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His buſineſs and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like ſome fair tree, which fed by ſtreams,
With timely fruit does bend.
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
All his deſigns attend.

For God approves the juſt man's ways,
To happineſs they tend:
But ſinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM II. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Chriſtmas-Day.

ATTEND, O earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd decree:
Thou art my ſon this day, my heir
Have I begotten thee.

Aſk and receive thy full demands;
Thine ſhall the heathen be:
The utmoſt limits of the lands
Shall be poſſeſt by thee.

Thy threat'ning ſceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
And cruſh them every where:
As maſſy bars of iron break
The potter's brittle ware.

Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth!
Worſhip the Lord with holy fear,
Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM X. v. 12, 13, 14, 18.

O LORD, our God, do thou ariſe,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm;
And by the greatneſs of thy power,
Preſerve the poor from harm.

No longer let the wicked vaunt
And proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
"He never will repay."

But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their deeds
Impartially doſt try;
The orphans, therefore, and the poor,
On thee for aid rely.

Thou in thy righteous judgment weigh'ſt
The fatherleſs and poor;
That ſo the tyrants of the earth,
May perſecute no more.

PSALM XV. v. 1, 2, 4, 6.

LORD! who's the happy man that may,
To thy bleſt courts repair,
Not ſtranger-like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there.

'Tis

'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The thing his heart diſproves.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with juſt neglect;
And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

The man, who by this ſteady courſe,
Has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand
By providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI. v. 8, 9, 10, 11.

Eaſter-Day.

I STRIVE each action to approve
To his all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hopes remove,
Becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt in hopes to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath,
My ſoul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy holy one in death,
The leaſt corruption ſee.

Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay,
Which to thy preſence lead,
Where pleaſures dwell without allay,
And joys, that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. v. 16, 17, 18, 19.

THE Lord did on my ſide engage,
From Heav'n, his throne, my cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves, which proudly ſwell'd.

God his reſiſtleſs pow'r employ'd,
My ſtrongeſt foes attempts to break;
Who elſe with eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
The weak defence that I could make.

Their ſubtle rage had ſoon prevail'd,
When I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay;
But when all other ſuccours fail'd,
God was my firm ſupport and ſtay.

From dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt cauſe his goodneſs found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

PSALM XXII. v. 14, 15, 16, 17.

For Good-Friday.

MY blood like water ſpill'd, my joints
Are rack'd and out of frame;
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt,
Like wax before the flame.

My ſtrength, like potter's earth, is parch'd,
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the ſilent ſhades of death
My fainting ſoul withdraws.

Like blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
In pack'd aſſemblies meet:
They pierc'd my inoffenſive hands;
They pierc'd my harmleſs feet.

My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of woe,
As paſtime they behold.

PSALM XXII. v. 23, 24, 29, 30.

YE worſhippers of Jacob's God,
All ye of Iſrael's line,
O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs
To caſt a gracious eye;
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But heard its humble cry.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bleſs.

With humble worſhip to his throne,
They all for aid reſort;
That pow'r, which firſt their beings gave,
Can only them ſupport.

PSALM XXIII. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Vouchſafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant care,
My wants are all ſupply'd.

In tender graſs he makes me feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where
Refreſhing water flows.

He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
And, to his endleſs praiſe,
Inſtructs, with humble zeal, to walk
In his moſt righteous ways.

I paſs the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and ſtaff,
Defend and comfort me.

PSALM XXIII. *By Mr.* Addiſon.

A Paſtoral.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread;
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile;
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Aſcenſion-Day.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates!
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory: ſee! he comes
With his celeſtial train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord for ſtrength renown'd:
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In ſtate to entertain
The King of glory: ſee! he comes
With all his ſhining train.

Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of hoſts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXXIV. v. 1, 2, 3, 15.

THRO' all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſt
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my reſcue came.

The Lord from Heav'n beholds the juſt
With favourable eyes;
And when diſtreſt, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

SACRAMENTAL PSALM.

PSALM XXXVI. v. 5, &c.

THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
The higheſt orb of Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope,
Beyond the ſpreading ſky extends.

Thy juſtice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are:
Thy providence the world ſuſtains;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And ſaints to thy protection truſt?

Such gueſts ſhall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repaſt;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys, that ſhall for ever laſt.

With

With thee the ſprings of life remain;
Thy preſence is eternal day:
O! let us then, thy favour gain;
And to each heart thy truth diſplay!

PSALM XLI. v. 1, 2, 3, 13.

HAPPY the man, whoſe tender care
Relieves the poor diſtreſt;
When troubles compaſs him around,
The Lord ſhall give him reſt.

The Lord his life with bleſſings crown'd,
In ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the will of thoſe
That ſeek to do him wrong.

If he, in languiſhing eſtate,
Oppreſs'd with ſickneſs lie,
The Lord will eaſy make his bed,
And inward ſtrength ſupply.

Let therefore Iſr'el's Lord and God,
From age to age be bleſs'd;
And all the people's glad applauſe
With loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM LXVIII. v. 3, 18, 19.
Whitſunday.

LORD! let the ſervants of thy will
Thy favours gentle beams enjoy:
Their upright hearts let gladneſs fill,
And chearful ſongs their tongues employ.

Aſcending high in triumph, thou
Captivity haſt captive led;
And on thy people didſt beſtow,
The ſpoil of armies once their dread.

E'en rebels ſhall partake the grace,
And humble proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy dwelling place,
And all the world pay homage there.

For benefits each day beſtow'd
Be daily thy great name ador'd,
Who art our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. v. 1, 2, 10, 12.

O GOD of hoſts! the mighty Lord,
How lovely is thy place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt
The brightneſs of thy face!

My longing ſoul faints with deſire
To view thy bleſt abode:
My panting heart and fleſh cry out
For thee, the living God!

For in thy courts one ſingle day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place beſides
A thouſand days to ſpend.

Thou, God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
How highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt ſecurely plac'd,
Is ſtill repos'd on thee!

JEHOVAH THE ONE TRUE GOD.

PSALM LXXXVI. v. 8, 9, 10, 11.

For Trinity Sunday.

AMONG the Gods there's none like THEE,
O Lord, alone, divine!
Of all thoſe *fabled* beings, *none*
Can boaſt ſuch pow'rs as *thine*.

Therefore, their GREAT CREATOR, THEE
The nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided pray'rs and praiſe
To thy bleſt name reſtore.

All ſhall confeſs THEE *great*, and great
The *wonders* thou haſt done;
Confeſs *thee* GOD, the GOD SUPREME,
Confeſs THEE GOD ALONE.

Lord,

Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor ſcatter'd thoughts unite
In God my father's praiſe.

PSALM XC. v. 3, 5, 6, 12.

THOU turneſt man, O Lord, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made:
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word, Return,
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

Thou ſweep'ſt us off, as with a flood,
We vaniſh hence like dreams;
At firſt we grow, like graſs, that feels
The Sun's reviving beams:

But howſoever freſh and fair
Its morning beauty ſhows,
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
Before the ev'ning cloſe.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain ſum
Of our ſhort days to mind,
That to true wiſdom all our hearts
May ever be inclin'd.

PSALM C. v. 1, 2, 3, 4.

WITH one conſent let all the earth
To God their chearful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter then his Temple gates,
Thence to his courts devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.

For he's the Lord, ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CIV.

The Stanzas printed in Italics only are ſung.

BLESS God, O my ſoul,
Rejoice in his name,
O Lord, let my voice
Thy greatneſs proclaim;
Surpaſſing in honour,
Dominion and might,
Thy throne is the heaven,
Thy robe is the light.

The ſky we behold
A curtain diſplay'd,
The chambers of heav'n
On waters are laid.
Thy clouds are a chariot
Thy glory to bear,
On winds thou art wafted,
Thou rideſt on air.

As rapid as fire,
Thy angels on high,
Convey thy commands,
Thy miniſters fly.
The earth on its baſis
Eternal ſuſtain'd,
Is fix'd in the ſtation
Thy wiſdom ordain'd.

The world, when at firſt
From chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form,
In waters enclos'd;

The voice of thy chiding,
Thy thunder was heard,
The waters ſubſided,
The mountains appear'd.

Thy providence fix'd
The ſtream and its ſource,
The ſea knows its bounds,
The rivers their courſe;
Convey'd thro' dark conduits,
Springs riſe on the hills,
They burſt in the fountains,
They fall in the rills.

The beaſts of the wild
Their foreſt forſake,
The herd quits the field
To drink of the lake;
On trees crown'd with verdure,
Its margin along,
Birds warbling ſweet muſic,
Praiſe God in their ſong.

Deſcending on hills,
Clouds plenteouſneſs pour,
All nature revives,
Earth ſmiles in the ſhow'r;
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain,
Fruits ſwell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

With moiſture refreſh'd,
The vine yields its fruit,
'Tis balm to our hearts,
To health a recruit;
With tranſport we gather
The richneſs of oil,
'Tis ſtrength to our body,
Support to our toil.

The trees full of ſap
With joy rear their head,
The cedars their boughs
O'er Libanus ſpread.
Secure in their covert
The bird flees for reſt,
She ſings on the branches,
She broods on the neſt.

The pine yields a home
The ſtork to ſecure,
The goat on his crag
Defies his purſuer.
E'en creatures too feeble
Themſelves to defend,
On caves and concealment
For ſafety depend.

The moon by thy law
Encreaſes and wanes,
The ſun keeps the courſe
Thy wiſdom ordains;
He ſets: and the lion
Roams wide for his prey,
But flies to his cavern
When morn brings the day.

Then man with the ſun
His labour renews,
'Till evening arrives,
That labour purſues.
Such Lord is the wiſdom,
Thy works all proclaim,
Let earth crown'd with riches,
Rejoice in thy name.

Nor here only Lord
Thy might we adore,
The ſea feels thy hand,
Th' abyſs owns thy pow'r;

There tribes without number,
  Thy creatures, reſort,
Leviathan gambols,
  And whales take their ſport.

There ſhips ſpread their ſails,
  The ſurface to ſweep,
There fiſh nimbly glide,
  Conceal'd in the deep;
They all know their ſeaſon,
  As ſeaſons ariſe,
And tribes, which thy bounty
  Has made, it ſupplies.

Thy will and thy word
  Endues them with breath,
Conſum'd by thy blaſt,
  They ſhrink into death;
Reſtor'd at thy pleaſure,
  New beings repair
To people the waters,
  The earth and the air.

Rejoice then, O Lord,
  In glory ſecure,
The works thou haſt made,
  Thro' ages endure.
Yet aw'd by thy preſence,
  When thou draweſt near,
Smoke burſts from the mountains,
  Earth trembles with fear.

Thus Lord let me ſing,
  Thy glory to raiſe,
Delightful the ſtrain
  When tun'd to thy praiſe;
The vile have their ſuff'rings,
  The juſt their reward;
Bleſs God, O! my ſpirit,
  O praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM

PSALM CXII. v. 4, 5, 6, 9.

THE ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shine's brighteſt in affliction's night;
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

His liberal favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He ſaves by prudence in affairs.

Beſet with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in duſt.

His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
Whence he ſhall reap, wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PART OF PSALM CXIII.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs;
Where'er the circ'ling ſun diſplays
His riſing beams, or ſetting rays,
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God thro' the world extends his ſway,
The regions of eternal day
But ſhadows of his glory are:
To him whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Tho' tis beneath his ſtate to view
In higheſt Heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchſafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

When

" When death decides the parents doom,
" And ſends them to the ſilent tomb,
" He hears the helpleſs orphans claim:
" His hand the fatherleſs receives
" And all their woes and wants relieves;
" O then extol his glorious name!

PSALM CXIX. v. 9, 10, 11, 12.

HOW ſhall the young preſerve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life
With thy commands agree.

With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek,
To thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps
From thy right paths to ſtray.

Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid,
Thy word, my treaſure lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid,
When ſinful thoughts ariſe.

Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul
Shall ever bleſs thy name;
O teach me then by thy juſt laws
My future life to frame.

PSALM CXXX. v. 1, 5, 7, 8.

Good-Friday.

FROM loweſt depths of woe,
To God I ſend my cry;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word.

Let

Let Iſr'el truſt in God;
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous ſource and ſpring from whence
Eternal ſuccour flows;

Whoſe friendly ſtreams to us
Supplies in want convey;
An healing ſpring, a ſpring to cleanſe
And waſh our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXVI. 1, 4, 6, 7, 25.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat,
To him due praiſe afford,
As good as he is great.
Praiſe ye the Lord, HALLELUJAH!

By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The Heav'ns, by his command,
Were to perfection brought.
Praiſe ye, &c.

He ſpread the ocean round
About the ſpacious land;
And made the riſing ground
Above the waters ſtand.
Praiſe ye, &c.

He does the food ſupply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praiſes give.
Praiſe ye, &c.

PSALM CXLVI. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

THE Lord who made both Heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

The poor oppreſs'd, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And ſets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their ſight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The ſtranger he preſerves from harm,
The Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM CXLVIII.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praiſe your ſong employ
Above the ſtarry frame;
Your voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his praiſe.

Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the night,
And Sun, that guid'ſt the day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars, of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

United

United zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious ſway
The ſky tranſcends.

His choſen ſaints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CL. v. 1, laſt,
And Gloria Patri.

O PRAISE the Lord in that beſt place
From whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory ſhows.

Praiſe him for all the mighty acts
Which he on our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;
Let every creature praiſe the Lord.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN I.

The Muſick by Dr. Arnold.

FATHER of mercy, hear our pray'rs
For thoſe who do us good;
Whoſe love for us a place prepares,
And kindly gives us food.

Each hand and heart that lend us aid
Thou doſt inſpire and guide;
Nor is their bounty unrepaid,
Who for the poor provide.

Thou ſtill ſhall be our grateful theme,
Thy praiſe we'll ever ſing;
Our friends the kind refreſhing ſtream,
But thou th' unfailing ſpring.

For thoſe whoſe goodneſs founded this,
A better houſe prepare,
Receive them to thy heav'nly bliſs,
And may we meet them there!

May all the pleaſing pains they ſhare
Be crown'd with wiſh'd ſucceſs;
The preſent age applaud their care,
And future ages bleſs!

So ſhall the helpleſs who remain
Expos'd as we before,
Increaſing ſtill our humble train,
With louder ſongs adore.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN II.

The Muſick by Mr. Long.

O THOU, from whom all good deſcends,
To thee our praiſe we pay,
On whom the heav'nly hoſt attends,
Whom Heav'n and earth obey.

A ſparrow falls not to the ground
Without thy providence;
Thy mercy there thy ſervants found,
Thy mercy rais'd us thence.

May thoſe who in our cauſe engage,
By thee be amply paid;
The weaker both our ſex and age,
The nobler is their aid.

Avoiding rocks on either ſide,
An equal courſe they ſteer;
Indecent want and gaudy pride,
Alike are ſtrangers here.

May we with humble diligence
Improve our patrons coſt!
So ſhall their trouble and expence
Be not entirely loſt.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN III.

The Muſick by Mr. Long.

TO thee, great God! our thanks we owe,
Thy goodneſs we adore;
Who bid'ſt the feeling heart to glow
With pity for the poor:
Who let'ſt the infant orphan ſhare
The good man's riches, love and care.

Obſcur'd by mean and humble birth,
In ignorance we lay;
Till Chriſtian bounty call'd us forth,
And led us into day:
Taught us the word of God t' explore,
To aſk his love and dread his pow'r.

Oh! look for ever kindly down
On thoſe that help the poor:
Oh! let ſucceſs their labours crown,
And plenty heap their ſtore:
And may that mite by us poſſeſs'd,
Diffuſe a bleſſing o'er the reſt.

And when before thy judgment-ſeat
With trembling hope we go,
Reward or puniſhment to meet,
For what we do below;
Our ſhouting voices ſhall declare,
Their tender love to us while here.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN

HYMN IV.

The Muſick by Mr. Riley.

TO thee, O Lord, our God and King,
Whoſe mercies ne'er decay,
We thus in artleſs numbers ſing,
And thus our praiſe we pay.

Whate'er is human ebbs and flows,
As waſting time prevails;
But grace divine no changes knows,
Charity never fails.

From thence flow plenteous ſtreams and clear,
And may they never ceaſe!
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives th' increaſe.

May he your pious alms regard,
  Your warmth of zeal approve,
With ample bleſſings ſtill reward
  The labour of your love.

Reſcu'd from want, from vice and ſhame,
  We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim,
  And live but to his praiſe.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN V.

The Muſick by Mr. Valton.

O GRACIOUS LORD! celeſtial king!
Whoſe goodneſs raptur'd ſeraphs ſing,
  In never ceaſing lays;
From Heav'n look down, in mercy hear
Our feeble infant voices bear
  The echo of thy praiſe.

We know that grateful love alone,
From earth can reach thy glory's throne:
  This tribute you receive
For all thy bleſſings ſhowered down,
For all the joys that virtue crown,
  Or piety can give.

When helpleſs, plung'd in life's rude wave,
Thy providential arm could ſave,
  And bring to ſafety's ſhore;
Where meek-ey'd charity appears,
And wipes away our orphan tears,
  Where ſtorms affright no more.

O gracious Lord, celeſtial king!
Whoſe goodneſs raptur'd ſeraphs ſing,
  In never ceaſing lays;
From Heav'n look down, in mercy hear
Our feeble infant voices bear
  The echo of thy praiſe.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN VI.

(From a new Tranſlation of Pſalm viii.)

The Muſick by Dr. Arnold.

O GOD, how worlds on worlds proclaim,
How the high Heaven's reſound thy name,
Beyond all glory bright!
Ev'n liſping babes thy being bleſs,
Their ſmiles thy providence confeſs,
And vindicate thy might.

The ſun, exhauſtleſs fount of day,
The moon, the ſtars, when I ſurvey,
In ceaſeleſs order move;
Thy works, thy wonders, when I ſee,
Great God! what man's? what's man, that he
Should thus engage thy love?

Da Capo.

HYMN VII..

The Muſick by Mr. Barthelemon.

GREAT Lord of all! whoſe works of love
Creation's boundleſs realms diſplay,
Help us to join the choirs above,
And hail thy providential ſway!

Stern death pronounc'd the dread decree,
Entail'd on all of women born,
From ſorrow ſet our parents free,
But left us helpleſs and forlorn:

No friendly hand to ſhield our youth
From future penury and woe,
To guide us in the paths of truth,
And teach us all we ought to know.

Dark was the colour of our fate,
'Till thy benignant mercy ſhone,
Redeem'd us from our wretched ſtate,
And made the fatherleſs thine own.

Our

Our hopes revive, our fears are fled,
Our joyleſs days and nights are o'er;
Our mortal frames are cloath'd and fed,
Our minds inform'd with virtue's lore.

Bleſt guardian! whoſe paternal care,
With bount'ous hand our want ſupplies!
O, may our ceaſeleſs praiſe and prayer,
To thy bright throne, as incenſe, riſe!

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN VIII.

The Muſick by Mr. Barthelemon.

CHILL'D by the blaſts of adverſe fate,
Oppreſs'd by ſorrow's gloom,
The ſoothing voice of parent love
All huſh'd within the tomb.

Without us, want his vigils kept;
Within us, ſilent woe:
Our infant minds in fearful thought
Made every ſhade a foe.

God's pitying eye our trouble ſaw,
And inſtantly relief
Broke through the wintry clouds of woe,
And ſcatter'd every grief.

Beneath his heav'nly wings we find
A calm and ſafe retreat:
O, then let ev'ry orphan breaſt
With grateful tranſports beat!

SOLO.	CHORUS.
We thank thee!	HALLELUJAH,
We bleſs thee!	HALLELUJAH,
We praiſe thee, O Lord!	HALLELUJAH,
For evermore.	AMEN.

HYMN

HYMN IX.

The Muſick by Mr. Aylward.

GLORY to God! whoſe all-pervading eye
Pierc'd the thick gloom of mis'ry's dreary ſhade,
Whoſe gracious ears were open to our cry,
Who heard with pity all the plaints we made.

Now Heav'n-born charity our wants ſupplies;
For us ſhe deign'd this hallow'd dome to rear:
Hither the poor, the helpleſs orphan flies,
And joyful finds a ſafe aſylum here.

On all our friends, O Lord! thy bleſſings ſhow'r,
For them and for their children hear our pray'r,
Save them from want, and ſhield them in that hour
When pleaſure's falſe allurements ſpread their ſnare.

While we to God our feeble voices raiſe,
Let all the earth in one loud chorus join;
And thou, bleſt ſpirit! as we ſing his praiſe,
Inſpire the notes with harmony divine.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN X. *By Mr.* Merrick.

Set to Muſick by Mrs. Maria Barthelemon.

LORD of our life! whoſe tender care
Firſt gave us power to move:
How ſhall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love?

Whilſt void of thought and ſenſe we lay
Duſt of our parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
And call'd us to the birth.

Where-e'er we turn our wakeful thought,
Unnumber'd foes we ſee:
Guide of our youth forſake us not,
But lead us ſafe to thee.

For fix'd on thee, we loſe each fear,
Each vain aſſault we brave;
We know thee, Lord, not ſlow to hear
Nor impotent to ſave.

So oft ſhall our repeated lays
Our thankful hearts declare,
And joy to celebrate thy praiſe,
Whoſe mercy deigns to ſpare.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XI. For Morning or Evening.

By Dr. Watts.

MY God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtill like early dew.

Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all my drowſy pow'rs.

I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I conſecrate my days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XII. *Chriſtmas Day.*

The Muſick by Miſs Savage.

St. Luke, Ch. ii. v. 8—15.

WHILST ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

"Fear not," ſaid he (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled minds,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Chriſt the Lord:
"And this ſhall be the ſign:

"The Heav'nly babe you there ſhall find,
"To human view diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrapp'd in ſwathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

Thus ſpoke the ſeraph;—and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels, praiſing God, and thus
Addreſs'd their joyful ſong:

"All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
"Begin, and never ceaſe."

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

HYMN XIII.

For Eaſter-Day.

JESUS CHRIST is riſen to-day—HALLELUJAH!
Our triumphant holy-day;
Who did once upon the croſs
Suffer, to redeem our loſs.

Hymns of praiſe then let us ſing
Unto Chriſt our Heav'nly King:
Who endur'd the croſs and grave
Sinners to redeem and ſave.

But the pains which he endur'd
Our ſalvation have procur'd.
Now above the ſkies he's King,
Where the angels ever ſing.—HALLELUJAH.

HYMN XIV.

On the Excellency of the BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praiſe
On all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, power and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

The ſtars that in their courſes roll,
Have much inſtruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may ſoar to Heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and ſhew
The goodneſs of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies,
Here my deſires are ſatisfied,
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord!

Lord! make me underſtand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here would I learn how Chriſt has died
To ſave my ſoul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN XV. On Gratitude to God.

By Mr. Addiſon.

The Stanzas marked in Italics only are ſung.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

Unnum-

Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleaſing ſnares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by ſickneſs, oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face:
And when in ſin and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful heart,
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue,
And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For, O! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

The Muſick by Mr. Barthelemon.

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run,
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Redeem thy miſpent moments paſt
And live this day as if thy laſt:
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyſelf prepare.

Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-ſeeing eye ſurveys
Thy ſecret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyſelf my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied ſing
High glory to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake; ye heav'nly choir,
May your devotion me inſpire:
That I, like you, my age may ſpend,
Like you, may on my God attend!

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
Oh! may I never more do ill.

Glory to thee, who ſafe has kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

Lord

Lord, I my vow to thee renew,
Scatter my ſins as morning dew;
Guard my firſt ſpring of thought and will,
And with thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him all creatures here below.
Praiſe him above, angelic hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN XVII.

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eyelids cloſe,
Sleep, that may me more active make
To ſerve my God, when I awake.

When reſtleſs in the night I lie,
My ſoul with heav'nly thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

Let my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep
His watchful ſtation near me keep;
My heart with love celeſtial fill,
And guard from th' approach of ill.

Lord! let my ſoul for ever ſhare
The bliſs of thy paternal care;
'Tis Heav'n on earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To ſee thy face, and ſing thy love,

Shou'd death itſelf my ſleep invade,
Why ſhou'd I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy ſaving arm,
Tho' he may ſtrike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour reſt,
If with thy gracious preſence bleſt;
Then welcome ſleep, or death to me,
I'm ſtill ſecure, for ſtill with thee.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe him above, angelic hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN XVIII.

From 19*th* PSALM. *By Mr.* Addiſon.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial ſky,
And ſpangled Heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.

Th'

Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly, to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from Pole to Pole.

What! tho' in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round this dark terreſtrial ball;
What! tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found.

In reaſon's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XIX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By Mr. Pope.

FATHER of all!———
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent:
At aught thy wiſdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I ſee:
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me, whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot,
All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt, if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XX.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

By Mr. Dryden. *Altered and abridged.*

CREATOR Spirit! by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come; viſit ev'ry pious mind:
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inſpire:
Come; and thy ſacred unction bring,
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.

Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Subject the ſenſes to the ſoul:
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free;
And make us temples worthy thee.

Chaſe from our minds th' infernal foe;
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow:
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all, that we believe:
Give us thyſelf: that we may ſee
The Father and the Son by thee.
HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XXI.

DIES IRÆ.

By the Earl of Roſcommon.

THE Judge aſcends his awful throne!
He makes each ſecret ſin be known:
And all, with ſhame confeſs their own.
O then! What int'reſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important ſtake,
When the moſt juſt have cauſe to quake!

Thou! mighty, formidable King;
Thou! Mercy's inexhauſted ſpring;
Some comfortable pity bring!
Forget not what my ranſom coſt,
Nor let my dear bought ſoul be loſt,
In ſtorms of guilty terror toſt!

Thou! who for me did feel ſuch pain,
Whoſe precious blood the croſs did ſtain
Let not thoſe agonies be vain!
Thou! whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay!)
Before the ſad accounting day.

Give my exalted ſoul a place
Among thy choſen right hand race,
The ſons of God, and heirs of grace.
Proſtrate, my contrite heart I rend!
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forſake me in the end!
HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

His Lordſhip died 1684; at the very moment in which he expired, he uttered the two laſt lines of this poem with an energy of voice, that expreſſed the moſt fervent devotion.

HYMN XXII.

THE CHRISTIAN's CONSOLATION.

By Mr. Addiſon.

WHEN thou, O Lord, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul!
O, how ſhall I appear?

But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

Then, ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

For, never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
His pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only ſon has died
To make that pardon ſure.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq; died 1719, at the age of 48.

HYMN XXIII.

By Mr. Merrick.

Man walketh in a vain Shadow; and diſquieteth himſelf in vain. Pſalm xxxix. 7.

AUTHOR OF GOOD! To thee I turn!
Thy ever wakeful eye,
Alone can all my wants diſcern;
Thy hand alone ſupply.

O,

O, let thy fear within me dwell,
  Thy love my footſteps guide:
That love ſhall vainer loves expel,
  That fear all fears beſide.

And O!—By error's force ſubdu'd,
  Since oft my ſtubborn will
Prepoſt'rous ſhuns the *latent good*,
  And graſps the *ſpecious ill*;

Not to my *wiſh*, but to my *want*,
  Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unaſk'd, what *good* thou knoweſt, grant;
  What *ill*, tho' aſk'd, deny!
HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XXIV.

By a Young Lady.

WITH ſorrow and with guilt oppreſt,
  To thee, O Lord, we fly;
O, hear thy people's ſad requeſt,
  O, dry the wat'ry eye.

Thy lenient hand can pity bring,
  And comfort's balm beſtow,
Attend thy people's ſuffering,
  And leſſen all their woe.

Thy gracious pow'r through life's dark ſcene,
  The lighter path has ſhewn;
Our conſtant refuge thou haſt been,
  Thy providence we own.

The languid head of drooping care,
  Thy tender pity chears;
The contrite ſinner's humble pray'rs,
  Thy boundleſs mercy hears.

Now

Now then, to our complaint be near,
And hear our heartfelt ſighs;
O, let our penitence ſincere,
Before thy juſtice riſe.

HYMN XXV.

For NEW YEAR's DAY.

Thou crowneſt the Year with thy goodneſs. Pſ. lxv. 11.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whoſe goodneſs crowns the circling year.

While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady pole:
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs, when to veil the ſkies.

Seaſons renew'd, and years and days,
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe:
Still be the grateful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning ſhade.

And may we, with harmonious tongue,
In realms unknown purſue the ſong:
There, in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

HYMN XXVI.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

THOU Lamb of God, whoſe bleeding love
We thus recal to mind,
Anſwer thy ſervants from above!
And let us mercy find.

By all thine agonizing pain,
And bloody ſweat we pray,
And by thy dying love to man—
O, take our ſins away!

O, let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The ſinner's pardon ſeal!
Pronounce us freely juſtify'd;
And all our ſickneſs heal.

Think upon us, who think on thee;
Our wearied ſouls releaſe:
Burſt ev'ry bond, and ſet us free;
And bid us go in peace!

ANTHEMS.

ANTHEM I.

For GOOD-FRIDAY.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

SOLO.

Mine Eye, mine Eye runneth down with water; becauſe the Comforter that ſhould relieve my Soul is from me. Lament. i. 16.

CHORUS.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that paſs by? Behold and ſee, if there is any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me. i. 12.

SOLO.

Behold! God is my Helper; the Lord is with them that uphold my Soul. Pſalm liv. 4.

CHORUS.

For he hath delivered me out of all my Trouble: And mine Eye hath ſeen his Deſire upon mine Enemies. AMEN, AMEN. Pſ. liv. 7.

ANTHEM II.

For EASTER-DAY.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

CHORUS.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the Heavens: Let thy Glory be above all the Earth. Pſalm lvii. 5.

SOLO.

My Heart is fixed, O God, my Heart is fixed: I will ſing and give Praiſe. Pſ. lvii. 5.

CHORUS.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the Heavens: Let thy Glory be above all the Earth.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM III.

For WHIT-SUNDAY.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

PSALM LXVIII. V. 1, 5, 18, 32, 35.

CHORUS.

Let God ariſe, let his Enemies be ſcattered; let them alſo that hate him, flee before him. V. 1.

SOLO.

A Father of the Fatherleſs, and a Judge of the Widows, is God in his holy Habitation. V. 5.

CHORUS, *and* SOLOS, *for four* ORPHANS.

Thou haſt aſcended on High, thou haſt led Captivity Captive; thou haſt received Gifts for Men: yea, for the rebellious alſo, that the Lord might dwell among them. v. 18.

DUETTO.

Sing unto God, ye Kingdoms of the Earth; O ſing Praiſes unto the Lord: Selah! v. 32.

CHORUS.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy Holy Places: the God of Iſrael is he, that giveth Strength and Power unto his People. Bleſſed be God. v. 35.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM IV.

For TRINITY SUNDAY.

From the Revelations.

Holy—Holy—Holy—Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.

Who ſhall not glorify thy Name? for thou art Holy; thou only art the Lord.

ANTHEM V.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

ISAIAH, LIV. v. 11, 12, 13.

SOLO.

O thou afflicted, toſſed with Tempeſt, and not comforted.

DUETTO

DUETTO.

Behold, I will lay thy Stones with fair Colours, and lay thy Foundations with Sapphires: And I will make thy Windows of Agates, and thy Gates of Carbuncles, and all thy Borders of pleaſant Stones.

CHORUS.

All thy Children ſhall be taught of the Lord, and great ſhall be the Peaee of thy Children.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM VI.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

CHORUS.

Drop down, ye Heavens, from above, and let the Skies pour down Righteouſneſs: let the Earth open, and let them bring forth Salvation; and let Righteouſneſs ſpring forth together, Iſaiah, xlv. 8.

SOLO.

The Wilderneſs and ſolitary Place ſhall be glad, and the Deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the Roſe. xxxv. 1.

SOLO, *and* CHORUS.

The Glory of Lebanon ſhall come unto thee; the Fir Tree, the Pine Tree, and the Box together, to beautify the Place of thy Sanctuary. lx. 13.

SOLO RECITATIVO.

The Voice of him that crieth in the Wilderneſs. Prepare ye the Way of the Lord: Make ſtraight in the Deſert an High-way for our God. xl. 3.

DUETTO.

Every Valley ſhall be exalted, and every Mountain and Hill ſhall be made low; and the crooked ſhall be made ſtraight, and the rough Places plain. v. 4.

CHORUS.

And the Glory of the Lord ſhall be revealed, and all Fleſh ſhall ſee it together; for the Mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it. v. 5.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM VII.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

CHORUS.

Break forth into ſinging, ye Mountains, O Foreſt, and every Tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Iſrael. Iſaiah xliv. 23.

RECITATIVE, *and* AIR,

The parched Ground ſhall become a Pool, and the thirſty Lands Springs of Water: In the Habitation of Dragons ſhall be Graſs, with Reeds and Ruſhes. xxxv. 7.

SOLO.

Inſtead of the Thorn, ſhall come up the Fir Tree; and inſtead of the Brier, ſhall come up the Myrtle Tree. lv. 13,

SOLO.

The Wolf ſhall dwell with the Lamb; and the Leopard ſhall lie down with the Kid, and the Calf, and the young Lion, and the Fatling together; and a little Child ſhall lead them. xi. 6.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will ſave us; we have waited for him, and he will ſave us.

DUETTO.

This is the Lord, we have waited for him; we will be glad, and rejoice in his Salvation. xxv. 9.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM VIII.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

PSALM CXXXIV.

CHORUS.

Behold, bleſs ye the Lord, all ye Servants of the Lord, which by Night ſtand in the Houſe of the Lord.

SOLO.

Lift up your Hands in the Sanctuary, and bleſs the Lord.

CHORUS.

The Lord that made Heaven and Earth, bleſs thee out of Zion.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM IX.

THE SONG OF THE LAMB!

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

REVELATIONS XV. V. 3, 4.

FULL CHORUS.

Great and marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty; juſt and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints.

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.

Who ſhall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy Name? for thou only art Holy.

FULL CHORUS.

Holy,—Holy,—Holy.

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.

For all Nations ſhall come and worſhip before thee; for thy Judgments are made manifeſt.

AMEN, HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

ANTHEM X.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

CHORUS.

The Earth is the Lord's, and the fulneſs thereof; the World, and they that dwell therein. Pſalm xxiv. 1.

AIR.

He hath put a new Song into my Mouth, even Praiſe unto our God: Many ſhall ſee it, and fear, and ſhall truſt in the Lord. Pſalm xl. 3.

DUETTO

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.

Thou wilt prolong the King's Life: And his Years as many Generations. Pſalm lxi. 6.

He aſked Life of thee, and thou gaveſt him, even length of Days for ever and ever. Pſ. xxi. 4.

FULL CHORUS.

Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own Strength: ſo will we ſing and praiſe thy Power. 13.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM XI.

Compoſed by Mrs. Maria Barthelemon.

PSALM CXIX. v. 33, 37.

Teach me, O Lord, the Way of thy Statutes: And I ſhall keep it unto the End.

O turn away mine Eyes, leſt they behold Vanity: And quicken thou me in thy Way.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

ANTHEM XII.

Compoſed by Mr. Maſon, *Precentor of York Cathedral.*

COLLECT, for the Seventh Sunday after TRINITY.

Lord of all Power and Might, who art the Author and Giver of all good Things, graft in our Hearts the Love of thy Name; increaſe in us true Religion; nouriſh us with all Goodneſs; and of thy great Mercy keep us in the ſame; through Jeſus Chriſt, our Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM XIII.

ISAIAH xii.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

RECITATIVE.

And in that Day thou ſhalt ſay, O Lord, I will praiſe thee: though thou waſt angry with me, thine anger is turned away.

SOLO.

Behold, God is my Salvation; I will truſt and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my Strength, and my Song: he alſo is become my Salvation.

CHORUS.

Therefore with Joy ſhall ye draw Water out of the Wells of Salvation.

RECITATIVE.

And in that Day ſhall ye ſay, praiſe the LORD, call upon his Name, declare his Doings among the People, make mention that his Name is exalted.

SOLO.

Sing unto the LORD; for he hath done excellent Things: this is known in all the Earth.

DUETTO *and* CHORUS.

Cry out and ſhout, thou Inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Iſrael in the midſt of thee.

HALLELUJAH: AMEN.

The

ANTHEM XIV.

THE ANGEL's SONG.

To be ſung on Sacrament Sundays only, immediately after the Sermon.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

RECITATIVE.

And ſuddenly there was with the Angel a Multitude of the heavenly Hoſt, praiſing God, and ſaying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the higheſt; and on Earth Peace, Good-will towards Men.

AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

ANTHEM XV.

For ALL-SAINTS DAY.

Compoſed by Mr. Barthelemon.

REV. vii. 9, 10, 11, 12.

RECITATIVE.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great Multitude, which no man could number, of all Nations, and Kindred, and People, and Tongues, ſtood before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white Robes and Palms in their Hands; and cried with a loud Voice, ſaying,

CHORUS.

Salvation to our God, which ſitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb.

RECITATIVE.

And all the Angels ſtood round about the Throne, and about the Elders and the four Beaſts, and fell before the Throne on their Faces and worſhipped God, ſaying,

CHORUS.

Amen: Bleſſing, and Glory, and Wiſdom, and Thankſgiving, and Honour, and Power, and Might, be unto our God, for ever and ever. AMEN.

ANTHEM XVI.

From the MESSIAH.

SOLO.

He ſhall feed his Flock like a Shepherd; and he ſhall gather the Lambs with his Arm: and carry them in his Boſom, and gently lead thoſe that are with young.

SOLO.

Come unto him, all ye that labour: come unto him, ye that are heavy laden; and he will give you reſt. Take his Yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of Heart; and ye ſhall find reſt unto your Souls.

ANTHEM XVII.

From the 8th of MARCELLO's *Pſalms.*

O LORD OUR GOVERNOR! O how excellent is thy Name in all the World.

Thou, O JEHOVAH! haſt ſet thy Glory above the Heavens.

ANTHEM

ANTHEM XVIII.

A PASTORAL.

From PSALM xxiii.

Compoſed by Dr. Green.

The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore I can lack nothing.

He ſhall feed me in green Paſtures, and lead me forth beſide the Waters of Comfort.

He ſhall convert my Soul, and bring me in the Paths of Righteouſneſs for his Name's ſake.

Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil; for thou art with me.

The Lord upholdeth all ſuch as fall; and lifteth up all thoſe that are down.

The Eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord; and thou giveſt them their Meat in due Seaſon.

Thou openeſt thine Hand, and filleſt all Things living with Plenteouſneſs.

My Mouth ſhall ſpeak the Praiſe of the Lord; and let all Fleſh give Thanks unto his holy Name for ever and ever.

AN ANTHEM

From PSALM lv. 1, 2, 4, 6.

Compoſed by Kent.

Hear my Prayer, O God, and hide not thyſelf from my Petition.

Take

Take heed unto me, and hear me: how I mourn in my Prayer, and am vexed.

My heart is diſquieted within me; and the Fear of Death is fallen upon me.

Then I ſaid, O that I had Wings like a Dove: then would I flee away, and be at reſt.

FINIS.

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